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# WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY

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## INDIVIDUAL CIVILIZATION.

BY PROF. B. F. TEFFT, D. D.

THE great law of the human mind is expansion. Expansion, growth, advancement, is the characteristic fact of the human race. Both philosophy and history establish the truth of these assertions. Reason teaches us to anticipate, and experience confirms the conviction, that man is destined to unlimited and endless improvement; that, as an individual, he is incessantly, perhaps insensibly, progressing; and that, as a race, he is gradually approaching that ultimate goal of perfection—for there is a sense in which this term is applicable to the mass—which marks the anterior boundary of that ideal life, to which humanity looks forward with buoyant hope, and which sheds its light upon the dull or painful realities of each passing hour.

We have reason to trust that the doctrine of individual perfectibility commends itself to the most judicious and intelligent readers. We certainly have a personal interest in it. How bright, how glorious, if the world is continually and for ever progressing! In the estimation of many of the strongest minds of age, the sentiment is stamped with the impression of reason; nor can it be denied, that it is the most constant topic of prophetic inspiration. Indeed, it is the key, the nucleus, the radiating point, of Scripture. It is the burthen of the old dispensation, and the glory of the new. It is by revelation, in fact, that we have acquired a knowledge of this principle; and, therefore, it is worthy of the utmost confidence. It is a doctrine of great practical influence. It possesses, and should exercise, unlimited power on the employment of our mental and physical faculties. It is the object of our hopes, the image of our destiny. Faith should lend us the magic of its sway, and push us onward to the prize. Let this destiny, reader, stand fresh before you in every situation of life. It should visit you in the night season. It should follow you into the secular occupations of the world. It should meet you in your retirements, and form the subject of your profoundest and holiest meditations. It is the inviting angel that precedes you in your course; that incites you to the best and noblest of your undertakings; that will continually point you to the object of your purest and highest aspirations.

How satisfactory, how captivating is

the fact, that, amidst all the changes and turmoil of the world, society has never suffered a retrogression! Onward, upward, onward! In the darkest periods, when truth and virtue did appear to sleep, when science had dropped its telescope and philosophy her torch, when the world would seem to have been standing still, the inscrutable wisdom of divine Providence was preparing new agents, and evolving more powerful principles, to co-operate in the work of individual and social improvement. It would appear as if the world, like the year, had its seasons; and that the seed disseminated in spring, must first die, before it can vegetate and produce the rich harvests of autumn. History has marked out such cycles; and we are disheartened by the necessary and successive periods of darkness, because the revolution is so vast, or our own position so humble, that we cannot look beyond the shade that surrounds us, and behold the distant and gradual approaches of another day.

The great agents in the work of individual civilization are science, philosophy and religion; and the constant and wonderful growth of these agents is a clear indication of the intellectual and moral progress of the world.

The function of science, properly defined, is to acquaint us with the distinct objects and existences, material and immaterial, by which we are surrounded. Its theatre is the universe. Its objects are innumerable, if not infinite. Mind and matter, substance and quality, things visible and invisible, temporal and eternal, are embraced within the compass of its mighty attempts.

Philosophy, on the other hand, transcends the region of isolated facts, and abstract existences, and essays to demonstrate the multiplied relations, connections and dependencies which this infinite variety of objects mutually sustains. It places man in the center of the natural world, and exhibits the manner in which all beings bear a necessary relation to him. To all purposes of simple philosophy, he is regarded as the chief existence. His mind is the focus to which all the properties of spirit and matter, and all the truths of reason and revelation, converge. It is the radiating center, from which their blended light is subsequently diffused. It is from the human mind that all truths receive their peculiar character and complexions. It is the relations of man to all other existences, material, animal and spiritual, from which are deduced those unalterable and eternal principles, which constitute the groundwork of all philosophy, natural, political and moral.

Religion covers a broader field than is occupied by either of the other agents in civilization. It is both science and philosophy. It teaches us facts inaccessible to reason, whose magnitude and importance are quite inconceivable, —facts, the influence of which extend "*from* everlasting *to* everlasting." It discovers the origin, the history, and the conclusion of all things. It rolls up the curtain of individual and social life, and displays the infinite drama of existence in all the variety of its acts and scenes, with all the perfection of coincident characters and parts, attended by the powerful influence which can be exerted by the respective merits of truth and nature, reason and revelation, combined. It institutes relations

the most sublime in their nature, and draws comparisons the most overwhelming in their tendency. The sanction it extends to duty is as broad as eternity. The motives it imparts to the noble and untiring exertion, in the acquisition of truth and the practice of the highest virtues, are as mighty as reason, as enduring as immortality, as inviting as heaven, as sublime, as terrible, as the wages of crime, or as the shadows of the grave!

The history of science is a continual record of intellectual triumphs. Yet, there are sober and otherwise judicious men, who are supposed to doubt the correctness of its annals, and still more the justness of what they denominate its flattering conclusions. They point you to Egypt, intersected by canals, heightened to superior beauty by the charms of agriculture, and crowned with the most magnificent temples and monuments. They conduct you to the pages of classical history, or to the scenes of the modern panorama, and exhibit the splendor of former cities; or to the studio of the ancient artist, and surround you with the speaking canvass and the breathing marble. The Roman empire, in the days of its highest splendor, is portrayed before you. The antiquity of Indian inventions, or the discoveries of subtle Arabia, are discoursed upon in your presence with apparent triumph. You are told, that all that now astonishes is but the revival of former experiences; and that the world is living over again its ancient greatness. The philosophers of Greece are summoned from their graves to testify to the unrivaled glory of a former civilization. Whence came our knowledge, it is asked, of the natural sciences, but from Abou-Ryan-al-Byrouny, who spent forty years in the study of mineralogy, and from another hard name in the Arabic dialect, who traversed the plains and forests of all Europe to furnish Linnæus with a complete, though undigested system of sexual botany. The gardens, groves, vineyards, and delightful rural villages of Grenada, under the plastic civilization of its Moorish conquerors, are instantly cited to rival the highest specimens of English cultivation. Paper, gun-powder, the compass, and numerals, with many other inventions and discoveries, are all industriously traced to an early age. Science, it is said, like the sun, rises in the east and travels westward, shedding its light upon the successive nations which lie under its course, and is probably destined to set out again from the same point, again and again to pursue the same journey.

This is without doubt a delightful picture of the past, and is admirably adapted to please the fanciful notions of the antiquary; but it will not satisfy the demands of fact and of history. To demonstrate the remarkable progress which science has made since the ages to which we have alluded, we have only to study the authors who were contemporaneous with those civilizations which form the boast of this antiquarian spirit, and then go into the modern world and make the comparison. Let the agriculturist peruse the poetic description which the Roman Georgic contains of the implements of husbandry, and testify if he does not go to his steel spade and patent plough with an improved relish. Let the mechanic take up the poems of Homer (and there are many who can read

them in the original), and follow the immortal father of the epic muse through his labored panegyrics of Trojan art; and, after he has caught all the enthusiasm he can from viewing Andromache plying a hand-loom, or Diomed riding into battle on a clumsy though classical vehicle, let him enter one of our modern factories, and hear the hum of a million spindles, and the crash of a thousand shuttles; or into a modern depot, and behold a train set out with the velocity of the wind, and vanish in the distance before he has time to express his astonishment! Let the seaman look back, through the pages of Livy or Virgil, to those times, when a few perilous yachts, or lumbering, heavy-oared galleys, creeping dastardly along the shore, were the only navy of the most famous people of all antiquity; and with what pride he will set his foot upon the deck of one of our majestic ships of the line, or enrol his name among the bold adventurers of our thundering steam vessels—

"Whose path is on the mountain wave,
Whose home is on the deep."

How heartily does the geographer laugh at the discoveries of Æneas and the periplus of Hanno! What astonishment would a Roman circus or a Grecian ampitheatre express, to witness an American philosopher disarming the tempest of its power, and weaving a peaceful garland with wreaths of lightning when the heavens are on fire! In a word, that science has undergone many revolutions, and been lost in one country to appear in another, is no less true, than that, at each successive development, it has possessed some new element, and shone forth with unprecedented splendor.

The same observation is true of philosophy and religion. Who can doubt that the philosophy of Greece was an improvement on the *symbolism* of Egypt, the *sabeism* of Chaldea, and the *demiurgic* system of the Persian magi? Can it be controverted that philosophy, in the hands of Bacon and Locke, was more real, more pure and rational, than with the philosophers of Athens and Rome? Nor can it be a question, that the path of experiment which these renowned thinkers have contributed to open, is conducting us to greater, clearer, nobler results than any former people or age has achieved. Facts are not the basis of philosophy. The imagination, which so long took the lead in this department of human investigation, has at length found her true place in giving laws to the fictions of romance and in tempering the inspirations of fancy. Analysis and synthesis, for ages separated, have at last formed a happy and promising alliance; induction is taking the place of speculation; and reason is occupying the throne which fancy has at length vacated to her rival.

It is impossible to affirm whether it will be so readily conceded, that religion has also shared in this general improvement. But if we will divest ourselves of the vulgar prejudices respecting the primeval purity of religion which history does not sanction, we shall unanimously acknowledge, that though Christianity is intrinsically the same in all ages, the notions which mankind have entertained of it, and the character and degree of its influence upon the world, have been widely various in different periods of its existence. Its light has certainly been becoming more clear, its sublime doctrines more justly appreciated, and consequently, its tendencies more rational and irresistible. The visible church was the reservoir into which poured, through a series of ages, the abject soofeeism of the East, the guady gnosticism of the South, the splendid but perplexed theistical theories of the West, and ten thousand nameless rivulets of bold and barbaric speculation from the mighty North. This corruption commenced at an early age; nay, in the very days of the apostles. In several of the canonical epistles, and more emphatically in the apocalypse, we are furnished with abundant evidence, that a spirit of innova-

tion had, at that early period, diffused barrenness over vast portions of the Christian world. But the Bible remained; and from that rock there still issued a stream, though at first choked and obstructed in its passage, which was continually increasing in magnitude and power. The names of Vigilantius, Huss, Wickliffe and Luther, are like the graduated columns placed at wide intervals along the bed of the Nile; they mark the progressive elevations of this swelling river of truth, which has at length overflowed its banks, and spread its waters over all lands!

In the progress of these agents of civilization we witness the advancement of civilization itself. The individual is now more intelligent, more wise, more virtuous, than in any previous age. But civilization is yet in its infancy. It is less than three centuries since the true method of human improvement was discovered. Most of the sciences have not passed the season of youth; some of them have just arrived at a conscious existence; others are springing into being. Correct philosophy is perhaps not older than Bacon; it is certainly younger than the dawn of European civilization, which must be dated from the fall of Constantinople. Religion, as a pure and separate agent, subsequent to the apostolic age, cannot be traced to a much earlier period than that of Vigilantius; nor did it produce anything worthy of special record, aside from the heroic devotion of its principal patrons, until the voice of the sixteenth century shook the columns of the papal throne, and gave intellectual and moral liberty to the world. The work is now going on. The present age is the result of all previous ages. Science, philosophy, religion, are exerting both a separate and a combined influence upon man, which is rapidly realizing the fondest anticipations of the mind; which is undermining the influence of error, diminishing the power of corporations and communities when exercised contrary to the rights and necessities of their component members, and enfranchising, ennobling and perfecting the character of the individual. Democracy is the characteristic tendency of the age. It is the doctrine of all parties, political, social and religious. In Europe, as well as in America, the people begin to realize their power. Every man begins to feel conscious that he is an individual. *Individuality* will continue to mark the onward progress of the world, until, in some future age, the blessings of knowledge, liberty and happiness, will be enjoyed, in nearly equal degrees, by all classes of men. Perhaps the child is soon to live that shall witness the dawn of this glorious period. Who will not invoke, with the Mantuan bard, the speedy presence of that event:

"Incipe, parve puer!"

or with the rapt poet of Twickenham, exclaim:

"Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn,
O, spring to light, auspicious babe, be born!"

## VOICES OF THE WINDS.

BY C. T. BATEMAN, A. M., OF ADRIAN.

HARK! hark! the winds go sighing by,
And oh! what thoughts to me they bring,
As through the ever-changing sky
I hear their airy voices sing!

How many songs they seem to chant,
How many words they whisp'ring speak!
How oft they snarl with angry rant,
Or wrathful round our chambers creak!

They come alike to all mankind,
What e'er their fortunes here may be;
But ah! what says the lisping wind?
Ask your own heart, and tell it me.

What they may whisper in your ear,
What songs they bring, I cannot tell;
But when I hear the winds come near,
I read their breezy voices well.

When over flow'ry plains they fly,
  And rustle through the fragrant trees,
They seem to sing of a brighter sky,
  Of happy hearts and careless ease.

When soughing through the lonely pines,
  Or sighing over dreary plains,
Where dim the slanting sunlight shines,
  My soul in sadness then complains.

They seem to tell of fading flow'rs,
  Of Autumn's sere and falling leaves;
And of those melancholy hours
  When dying Nature gently grieves.

When dull and slow they murmur on,
  Like dirges from some distant shore,
I think of faces pale and wan
  Whom I shall here behold no more.

'Tis then I think of lonely graves
  Where loved ones sleep the sleep of death,
And bless the wind that gently waves
  Their willows, with its passing breath.

But when they come with angry sweep,
  High-tossing storm-clouds thro' the sky,
They tell how sea-born surges leap
  Where shipwrecked sailors sink and die.

'Tis then their wrathful howlings fill
  The air with dread portentous wails,
And hearts, with fear of coming ill,
  Grow faint and chill, and courage fails.

Ah! then, how weak is puny man,
  When whirlwinds grasp with direst rage
The ocean flood, the solid land,
  And fierce tempestous battles wage!

When biting blasts of winter come,
  And round our cheerful mansions roar,
They seem to tell what they have done
  When bursting thro' the poor man's door.

But when they come with snowflakes light,
  And fill the air with feath'ry clouds,
Wide mantling earth in silv'ry white,
  They whisper joy to merry crowds.

They come to tell you of the mirth
  When tinkling bells and bounding sleighs
Go dancing o'er the snow-white earth,
  Among the merry Christmas days.

But best I love the gentle breeze
  Young Spring brings o'er the sunny plains,
To kiss the freshly budding trees,
  And echo far the thrush's strains.

It seems to speak in joyous rhyme
  Of new-born life on ev'ry shore,
And of some glorious coming time
  When Death and Storm shall fright no more.

## ENDURING AFFECTION.

BY J. YOUNG.

"Go to thy darling, false one, go!
  And gaze enraptured on her charms;
Sink on her breast of melting snow,
  And court her fond, luxuriant arms.

Murmur again the ardent vow
  That mingles hope with fond desire·
Now paint the lover's wish—and now
  Behold a woe-worn wife expire.

Who, when her dearest hopes were flown,
  And thou wert guilty passion's slave,
Mourned o'er thy errors as her own,
  And sought to hide them in the grave."

ANON.

EVERY country has its views peculiar to itself, and every county in our own country has picturesque embellishments exclusively its own; nor are the diversified charms which nature exhibits in her different scenes of awful grandeur, subduing simplicity, or towering sublimity, more various, or greater in number, than the taste of her admirers. There is an evident association, although no rules can be laid down by which to explain it, between the scenery presented, and the temperament of the enamored beholder. The mild and gentle are not fascinated by the wild uproar of the dashing cataract, the bellowing crater, or the fearful ravine; nor are the bold and impetuous transported by the soft and easy landscape, the neat retired villa, or the unvarying summer skies of luscious Italy, and yet in each there are indescribable emotions, blending with their childhood scenes, and the places of their birth, which never can be erased by the views of any other country.

Allowing these desultory observations

to pass for axioms, yet the admission must be made, that there are circumstances which not unfrequently throw a halo of beauty around the most unlovely spots, in our imagination, or which give to beauty itself an impressing power, such as causes its identity ever to stand before the mind's eye.

I feel the correctness of this admission while I write it. Years have not been able to wear out the impression, nor have scenes, of every grade and form, weakened the sensations which cause my mind to turn mechanically to the period and the spot to which I refer. A gentle draw upon memory suffices to bring the minutiæ of my "tale's particulars" into being, or to cause, by a process which philosophy cannot explain, a kind of mental resuscitation of the buried feelings of departed years,

My tale may, indeed, be denominated *trite*, and much do I wish that such a charge were less correct than it is; I should then have the advantage of affording more pleasure, although of a painful kind, and of enjoying, myself, more gratification, in the conviction that fewer incidents of the same painful character were in being, than are known to exist—

——"But what avails mere wishes,
Good though they be, kindly expressed,
And felt as powerfully? Like a shadow
To a starving man, or painted fire
To one who freezes, or a limpid stream
On canvass gliding, to one parched with thirst—
They seem to mock, and add to misery."

In consequence of a degree of indisposition under which I was laboring, during my visit at a friend's, I was induced to accept the pressing invitation of the gentleman and his charming family, to prolong my stay at his hospitable mansion beyond the period I had intended. In order to afford me an opportunity of viewing the surrounding country, and, at the same time, advantage my health, he proposed, after we had taken breakfast one morning, a ride on horseback to the parsonage house of a neat village a few miles distant. I had before heard of the venerable person who resided there, and felt glad that an opportunity was now offered me to be introduced to his acquaintance. I accordingly expressed my readiness to join my friend in his ride.

It was, perhaps, as cheerful a morning as ever visited our world, since man's "first disobedience" infected universal nature with its moral evil, when

"Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works, gave sign of woe
That all was lost."

The fairy hand of spring had thrown her many-colored mantle over creation. The time of the "singing of birds" had fully come, and in many a happy note, from the monotonous chirp of the sparrow to the lofty song of the mountain sky bird, were the praises of the glorious Being who "maketh the outgoings of the morning, and evening to rejoice," poured forth.

A rich diversity of scenery and variety of conversation, gave to our animal spirits a buoyancy which extended its influence to every part of the system, and produced a frame of mind of the most happy and tranquilized order. My friend's acquaintance with the venerable person we were about to visit had been of long standing, and his estimation, founded on a knowledge of his character, was of the most exalted kind; hence he found a pleasure, by which I was happy to profit, in furnishing an interesting and detailed account of him. At every reference made to his views and exhibition of truth, his zeal, humility, his regard and attention to the interests of his flock, and the affectionate respect in which he was held by all who knew him, my anxiety increased to meet him, and, unconsciously, I put my horse into quicker motion, and then, again, reined him in, to keep even with my friend.

The interesting and happy description of a country clergyman, which Goldsmith has given in his "Deserted Village," naturally entered my mind; and in almost all its characteristic traits, it seemed to find its counterpart, or fac-simile, in the person to whose brief history I was listening.

"A man he was to all the country dear"—

beautifully applied, but happily the following lines did not—

"And passing rich with *forty* pounds a year."

Yet even this scanty stipend, little as it was, exceeds, by four times ten pounds, what too many of those who fill the same office should possess—those play-going, fox-hunting, card-playing race of patronized incumbents, or *incumberers*, and palmer-worms to our country.

His stipend, of whom I write, did not reach the exorbitant sum of tens of thousands, nor tens of hundreds, a year; and yet it was sufficient, not only to place him (as all who fill the ministerial office should be placed) above anxiety of mind concerning the things of this world, but

enabled him to exhibit, practically, the spirit applied to such by the apostle—"given to hospitality." Presently the tower of the village church appeared to rise out from a thick cluster of majestic trees, by which it was surrounded. Soon as we gained the entrance into the village, and as we rode along, I imagined I could discover the influence of the pious pastor even in the appearance of the people and things which I noticed; and, mentally, I exclaimed, "O, that all the ministers of the sanctuary in our land were of the same description! them would murmuring and dissatisfaction cease: the sacred office would no longer be the butt of ridicule or the theme of profane execration; then 'God, even our own God, would bless us,' and all the people would turn unto him."

The soliloquy would, perhaps, have been extended, had not a quick turn in the road changed our view; for suddenly to our sight

"The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

It was a neat, thatched building, of antibabel elevation, its loftiest apartments being its airy chambers. Upon every part of it, comfort and contentment seemed visibly impressed. It stood back about thirty yards from the roadside. A graveled pathway ran along the whole width of the building, to a distance of somewhat more than four feet from the windows. From the centre of this pathway, and leading directly from the doorway to the little palisade formed gate, was another of similar dimensions; while the intermediate space on either side was laid out tastefully in flower beds. On the south side of the dwelling were a few acres of pasture land, in which the suppliers of his dairy fed and fattened; and in the corner of it were accommodations for his cow and a little galloway.

Having dismounted and secured our horses, we walked up to the house, and received a courteous salutation from Mrs. Goodall, the worthy lady of the vicar.

Shortly after we had taken our seats, Mr. Goodall himself appeared, and never shall I forget his form. It now stands before my imagination with only a little less vividness than that which actual vision could create. Years seemed to have produced a slight change in his manly form from an erect posture, and had silvered over his head with thinly scattered hairs, white as the blossoms of the hawthorn. His eye, that index of the soul, still retained its powers of silent eloquence, and threw over a countenance of uncommon urbanity, a lustre of intelligence, such as that organ, when good, seldom falls to impart.

We were received by him with the courtesy of a gentleman and the openness of a friend. A variety of interesting conversation concerning the signs of the times, the Providence of God, and the glory and extent of his kingdom in the world, engaged us for a while, in all which matters Mrs. Goodall took a sensible and modest part. After partaking of some refreshments, Mr Goodall very politely conducted me to his study. Here again I was indulged with a survey of a choice and well-selected library, principally made up of the works of some of our most celebrated theologians, both of ancient and modern date.

Shakspeare, in his pithy description of the movements of time, declares that with some it "gallops withal." At the period in question, I found that with others, besides those the great bard has mentioned, time sometimes "gallops." With regret I perceived the hour had ully come when it became necessary I should say farewell to one whose fellow I shall not often meet again on earth. The good old man walked with us, through an angle of his paddock, to our horses, and then, with an affectionate pressure of the hand, and a kind invitation to visit him again, he commended us to the blessing of his Master, and left us to pursue our ride homewards.

There is a species of curiosity indulged in by some, which is execrable. It leads its possessors, in restless, prying scrutiny, to seek to dive into all the connections and particulars of every family, with no better motive, forsooth, than the pleasure of knowing the affairs of others better than they know their own. Such littleness of conduct evinces great puerility of mind, and merits every degree of reprehension which can be directed against it; and yet, while I hold and publish this doctrine, I confess that I felt an irrepressible desire to know more of the amiable person I had just visited.

Every indulger in any particular vice has his own particular method of excuse or apology for what he does. So, too, have I, in reference to my present curiosity; it was not a desire to know, for the idle sake of knowing, but from a conviction that additional knowledge would give strength to my regards for the worthy

object of them. But how to obtain that information was difficult to determine, or, rather, I could not conceive. All I could learn of Mr. Goodall from my friend I had already learned, and that, as I have intimated, was of such a nature as to lead to a desire of more, rather than to satisfy.

A few months after my visit to the parsonage, I was spending a cheerful hour with a gentleman of my acquaintance, when the estimable Mr. Goodall became the leading subject of our conversation. Now the object of my solicitude appeared likely to be gained, my hopes were afresh excited, and, after I had proposed a few general questions on the subject, I found that my expectations were not more flattering than solid. I soon obtained all the information I wished, which not only interested my mind very deeply, but furnished me with the means through which I now give the sequel of my tale.

Upwards of eighteen years had passed away, prior to my visit to Mr. Goodall's happy residence, since, in accordance with the convictions of his conscience, he had given up a cure which he held in another part of the country, and came to reside on the spot where the claims upon his service appeared the strongest. At this period his family consisted of one son and three lovely daughters. Death had, however, a few months before, entered his domestic circle, and torn away from his arms the wife of his youth—the amiaible mother of his beloved children. The management of so important a charge he felt would exceed his ability, and distract his attention from the weighty obligations connected with his ministerial duties; and hence, at a proper time, he entered a second time into the marriage state, with the excellent lady I had once the pleasure to meet.

Years had passed away since Mr. Goodall's second union, and manhood began to brace the limbs of his son, while his daughters advanced fast toward womanhood, with every advantage which personal attractions and a liberal education could give.

As in the family of the "Vicar of Wakefield" there was an Olivia, so was there also in this. She was the youngest of the three, and, perhaps, the most lovely. But many a casket of pre-eminent beauty exists, whose furniture is of the most homely character. Here it was not so. Fair as was the person of Olivia Goodall, the adorning of her mind was equally fair. She either was not aware of her external attractions, or she thought with Solomon—"Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised." Her affectionate disposition and pious simplicity endeared her to an extensive circle.

Twenty summer suns had passed over her head, and her heart had never known a more tender emotion than friendship could inspire, excepting what she had felt towards God and her family connexions; but her reign of peace and freedom expired nearly with her teens. A pressing invitation from one of her sisters, who had already been some time married, and was settled respectably in London, drew her from the sylvan scenes of a quiet country life, to the glare and bustle of one of the most captivating cities in the world. To state what were her feelings during the hurry of preparation, or at the period of her departure, would be mere speculation; these things, and others, connected with her journey to town, are easily supplied by the most morbid imagination. It will, therefore, be sufficient to my purpose to state that counsel, such as piety, experience and affection might be supposed to offer, was given by her venerable sire, and received by the amiable Olivia with devout attention; and that, after four-and-twenty hours' traveling, she reached the busy and gay metropolis of her country, and shortly after felt herself pressed to the bosom of her beloved sister.

Sincere in all her professions, and artless as innocence could make her, Olivia judged of others by her own guileless nature; and hence, too soon fell a victim to craft, deception and villainy, of a rank, but too common a kind.

Among a number of respectable families, whom she visited in company with her sister, was a Mr. Freeport's, a gentleman whose character and connections rendered such acquaintance desirable. But in every earthly advantage there is something to mar and deteriorate. It was here. The wife of Mr. Freeport was as opposite to himself as contrariety of character could make her. If the decided piety of her husband was not a matter of open dislike and ridicule, it was merely tolerated by her. Her public profession, indeed, resembled his; but her private conduct too plainly demonstrated, that her's was profession without principle.

Boisterous in her temper, vain in her puruits, and dressy in her person, she was the bane of her husband's peace, and the destroyer of her own and her family's happiness. Two sons were all the children they had, who, under proper training, might have become ornaments to society, and blessings to their connections. But who does not know the influence of a mother's conduct? Who is not aware of the awful capabilities of which she is possessed, and the consequent responsibility attaching to such a character? The ruin or preservation of her offspring, principally, as an instrument, rests with herself.

It was fashionable for Addison, Johnson, Steele, Knox, and others of their day, who were distinguished as essayists, to hold up, by satire, to reproof, the unnatural conduct of mothers who deserted their children in infancy, by turning them over to a nurse, and, in after life consigning them to the care of tutors and governesses. But a worse, if possible, course of conduct has led me thus to diverge a little from my tale. Who can but tremble for those whose cruelty is not sufficiently exercised by leaving their children to pursue the course their own depraved nature may point out, but who, abetting them in their practices, furnish them with the means yet more effectually to carry out into daring acts their enmity towards God? Such is, in too many instances, the case with mothers now; and such was the case with Mrs. Freeport in reference to her two sons. Unknown to her husband and friends, she furnished them with sums as their wishes desired, to plunge into every kind of gaiety and excess, at the theatre, the ball-room, and the card-table. As, however, this line of conduct was pursued in secret, an external profession was still maintained by the youths, to the deception of the father and others.

Such had long been and such continued to be the state of affairs at Mr. Freeport's when Olivia and her sister visited. However much the feelings of Marcus, the eldest son of Mr. Freeport, might have been deadened by his pursuits of folly, he was not insensible to the charms of the lovely Olivia; and yet they were too vitiated to feel the pure and holy passion, to which only, with propriety, the epithet *love* is applied. Every interview increased what was considered his affection towards her. The artless Olivia saw, and judging by what she saw, approved, and approving, loved—yes, she returned an almost idolizing passion for a base and worthless counterfeit. The proposals of young Freeport were listened to, the character of the worthy father was forwarded to Mr. Goodall, his consent was obtained, and in about nine months from leaving the parsonage, the happy Olivia Goodall returned from it again to London, expecting to be the happy Mrs. Freeport.

Everything furnished presumptive evidence to her, that she should realize at least as much of happiness as usually is known by the happy in the married state. She was united to the man of her affections, for her heart was wholly his; their circumstances in life were more than merely easy, and her husband was kind and attentive. But the sunny brow of her joys was evanescent, as is frequently the pageant which adorns the heavens after the falling of a summer shower. Unkindness succeeded to inattention, and that was followed by partial desertion; home, for him, appeared to have no charms, and religion, no attractions; still the affectionate Olivia neither felt nor expressed any diminution in her regards. She loved him with all the ardor of a woman's love—than which nothing is more lasting, nothing more strong. She even displayed increased affection, as her husband's declined; and sought, by devoted kindness, to make his home the most delightful spot which earth could present, and to bind it and herself to him. But her efforts were vain, and she wept, unreprovingly, over what she could not remedy.

Four years ago she had been a wife, and now two lovely children claimed and enjoyed her diligent and affectionate care. These became her chief earthly comfort; to train their infant minds to knowledge and piety, engaged all the spare time from other concerns which now pressed heavily upon her, and which, from their nature, should have been attended to by her husband. Still no murmur escaped her, no upbraiding word fell on the ear of him she still loved; much less did any intimation to her friends furnish materials for conjecture even that she was not happy. No! her own bosom, and the ear of God, were the repository of the secret of her sufferings, which to her were sacred.

"She never told her woe,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

It was no unfrequent thing, now, for Olivia to be left alone, with all the weight of business on her hands, for a week or two together. He who had played the hypocrite already to such perfection, had not lost the ability to support that character still; in fact, he played it not—it was his own. Olivia, as unsuspecting as ever, for still she loved him with the strength of first love, and hence the glaring inconsistencies in his conduct passed off unnoticed by her—gave full credence to every tale he told. Sometimes an unexpected circumstance connected with business was feigned, to call him to the country, in one direction, sometimes in another, on such occasions, she displayed all the tender affections of a wife, by hastening, with an assiduity which few could have surpassed, to prepare for his departure; and then, with her own hands packed his portmanteau, least any comfort should be forgotten—with all the devotion of a young lover, she bade him adieu, while he hastened to the scenes which he loved, and such as I forbear to mention.

Once already had the profligacy of Marcus Freeport involved him in embarrassment. The marriage portion of Olivia was expended, and additional help was indispensable; for, without it, publicity would be given to the state of his affairs. In this dilemma, the confiding, devoted wife, believing that misfortune, as stated by her husband, was the cause, so represented the case to her pious father, and he, relying on the statement of his beloved child, promptly remitted the sum required. This affair had passed away, when, one fine evening, Olivia was sitting with her beloved Marcus, as she fondly called her husband; the children were gamboling around them, and happiness once again seemed entering their habitation. Indeed, the kind-hearted Olivia always felt happy when Marcus was with her. She was now gazing on him in a rapture of affection, when a gentleman was announced, inquiring for Mr. Freeport; the servant was desired to introduce him; he entered, and, after a brief apology for his intrusion, exhibited a writ, by virtue of which he claimed Mr. Marcus Freeport for his prisoner. Olivia shrieked, sprang with a convulsive bound to the side of her husband, as if to protect him, and fainted at his feet. Returning consciousness presented her affrightened children weeping over her, who, with the servant, alone remained. Her husband was immured within the strong walls of a prison.

During one of the days which her husband had devoted to pleasure, he journeyed with a female of fascinating appearance. The appearance of Mr. Freeport was perfectly gentlemanly. Struck with the beauty and accomplishments of his fair companion, he resolved to carry off the prize which was thus presented; and hence, assuming an sir and consequence perfectly *nautique*, he appeared before her *la courageux et illustre* Captain George Frederick Stanley.

The beautiful Miss Maria Louisa Nevell, after a courtship of a few weeks, was led to the altar, and became the deceived bride of an accomplished villain. In two weeks he abandoned her.

A few days only passed, and the public papers told a tale which Olivia would never have told. Her pious and venerable father read the heart-sickening statement, and instantly sent such condolence as the child's circumstances required, accompanied by a request that she would retire with her family to his parental abode, and make his house her home. She declined. Her heart still was his who had basely spurned the purest, strongest affection. Her determination was fixed, and she awaited the issue of his trial.

The morning of the day arrived—the case was opened—his marriage with Olivia was proved. It only remained to substantiate his second marriage to make out a case of bigamy. To the "glorious uncertainty of the law," however, he was indebted for a verdict, which, although in his favor in reference to his freedom, removed not from his character the blot with which it was stained. The marriage, indeed, was clearly proved, as far as the ceremony went; but that was rendered invalid by the omission of one of the lady's given names, and he was discharged. Even yet, with the fondness of a wife who deserved a better husband, Olivia loved him; and, on the day of his acquittal, waited for him at the door of his prison, and receiving him to her bosom, conveyed him in a carriage she had prepared for the purpose, to their habitation.

The wound, however, which such infamy had inflicted upon the peace of the aged Mr. Goodall, bowed him down to

the earth. "I have," he replied to a friend who paid him a visit shortly after, "I have been poorly some time, and this last affair has been the breaking up of my constitution." He continued for a while to perform the duties of his office; but, at length the village bell, which had for so long a period called his flock to receive the word at his lips, summoned the weeping villagers to follow to the grave the remains of their faithful and beloved minister. Olivia, too, like some scathed flower beat down beneath a desolating storm before its beauty had declined, sunk under the loss of her venerable parent, and the continued unkindness of her husband, whom she still loved with the unabated ardor of strong affection, and whose crimes she still sought to hide from popular observation.

As the heavy hand of death pressed upon her heart, and the feeble pulse of life beat slower and yet more slow, she prayed for him; and while her redeemed spirit passed gently away, and the whispered "*farewell*" issued from her lips, her closing eyes gazed fondly on him; and even in death, the placid smile which sat upon her countenance, seemed to express what she had during life so powerfully displayed—ENDURING AFFECTION.

## MY SOUL AND I.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

STAND still, my soul, in the silent dark
I would question thee,
Alone in the shadow drear and stark
With God and me!

What, my soul, was thy errand here?
Was it mirth or ease,
Or heaping up dust from year to year?
"Nay, none of these!"

Speak, soul, aright in his holy sight
Whose eye looks still
And steadily on thee through the night:
"To do his will!"

What hast thou done, oh soul of mine,
That thou tremblest so?—
Hast thou wrought his task, and kept the line
He bade thee go! [

What, silent all!—art sad of cheer?
Art fearful now?
When God seemed far and men were near
How brave wert thou?

Aha! thou tremblest!—well I see
Thou'rt craven grown.
Is it so hard with God and me
To stand alone?—

Summon thy sunshine bravery back
Oh, wretched sprite!
Let me hear thy voice through this deep
Abysmal night. [and black

What hast thou wrought for Right and
For God and Man, [Truth,
From the golden hours of bright-eyed
To life's mid span? [youth

Ah, soul of mine, thy tones I hear,
But weak and low
Like far sad murmurs on my ear
They come and go.

"I have wrestled stoutly with the Wrong,
And borne the Right
From beneath the footfall of the throng
To life and light.

"Wherever Freedom shivered a chain,
God speed, quoth I;
To Error amidst her shouting train
I gave the lie."

Ah, soul of mine! ah, soul of mine!
Thy deeds are well:
Were they Wrought for Truth's sake or
My soul, pray tell. [for thine?

"Of all the work my hand hath wrought
Beneath the sky,
Save a place in kindly human thought,
No gain have I."

Go to, go to!—for thy very self
Thy deeds were done:
Thou for fame, the miser for pelf,
Your end is one!

And where art thou going, soul of mine?
Canst see the end?
And whither this troubled life of thine
Evermore doth tend?

What daunts thee now?—what shakes thee so?
My sad soul say. [
"I see a cloud like a curtain low
Hang o'er my way.

"Whither I go I cannot tell:
That cloud hangs black,
High as the heaven and deep as hell,
Across my track.

"I see its shadow coldly enwrap
The souls before.
Sadly they enter it, step by step,
To return no more.

"They shrink, they shudder, dear God!
To thee in prayer. [they kneel,
They shut their eyes on the cloud, but feel
That it still is there.

"In vain they turn from the dread Before
To the Known and Gone;
For while gazing behind them evermore
Their feet glide on.

"Yet, at times, I see upon sweet pale faces
A light begin
To tremble, as if from holy places
And shrines within.

"And at times methinks their cold lips
With hymn and prayer, [move
As if somewhat of awe, but more of love
And hope were there

"I call on the souls who have left the light
To reveal their lot;
I bend mine ear to that wall of night,
And they answer not.

"But I hear around me sighs of pain
And the cry of fear, [of rain,
And a sound like the slow sad dropping
Each drop a tear!

"Ah, the cloud is dark, and day by day,
I am moving thither:
I must pass beneath it on my way—
God pity me!—WHITHER?"

Ah, soul of mine! so brave and wise
In the life-storm loud,
Fronting so calmly all human eyes
In the sunlit crowd!

Now standing apart with God and me
Thou art weakness all,
Gazing vainly after the things to be
Through Death's dread wall.

But never for this, never for this
Was thy being lent;
For the craven's fear is but selfishness,
Like his merriment.

Folly and Fear are sisters twain:
One closing her eyes,
The other peopling the dark inane
With spectral lies.

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest;
Round Him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
And the end He knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.

Man sees no future—a phantom show
Is alone before him;
Past Time is dead, and the grasses grow,
And flowers bloom o'er him.

Nothing before, nothing behind:
The steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing;
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

Why fear the night? why shrink from
That phantom wan? [Death,
There is nothing in Heaven or earth be-
Save God and man. [neath

Peopling the shadows we turn from Him
And from one another;
All is spectral and vague and dim
Save God and our brother!

Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run.

Oh, restless spirit! wherefore strain
Beyond thy sphere?
Heaven and hell, with their joy and pain,
Are now and here.

Back to thyself is measured well
All thou hast given;
Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present hell,
His bliss, thy heaven.

And in life, in death, in dark and light,
All are in God's care;
Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of night,
And He is there! [

All which is real now remaineth,
And fadeth never;
The hand which upholds it now, sustaineth
The soul forever.

Leaning on him, make with reverent meekness
His own thy will, [
And with strength from Him shall thy utter weakness
Life's task fulfill; [

And that cloud itself, which now before
Lies dark in view, [thee
Shall with beams of light from the inner
Be stricken through. [glory

And like meadow mist through Autumn's
Uprolling thin, [dawn
Its thickest folds when about thee drawn
Let sunlight in.

Then of what is to be, and of what is done,
Why queriest thou?—
The past and the time to be are one,
And both are NOW!

## JOSEPHINE.

[CONTINUED FROM FEBRUARY NUMBER.]

JOSEPHINE was about fourteen years of age when she was separated from William. A year passed away, during which she received not a line from her absent friend. About this time a gentleman from France visited her uncle upon business of great importance. Viscount Alexander de Beauharnais was a fashionable and gallant young man, about thirty years of age, possessing much conversational ease and grace of manner, and accustomed to the most polished society of the French metropolis. He held a commission in the army, and had already signalized himself by several acts of bravery. His sympathies had been strongly aroused by the struggle of the American colonists with the mother country, and he had already aided the colonists both with his sword and his purse.

Several large and valuable estates in Martinique, adjoining the plantation of M. Renaudin, had fallen by inheritance to this young officer and his brother, the Marquis of Beauharnais. He visited Martinique to secure the proof of his title to these estates. M. Renaudin held some of these plantations on lease. In the transaction of this business, Beauharnais spent much time at the mansion of M. Renaudin. He, of course, saw much of the beautiful Josephine, and was fascinated with her grace, and her mental and physical loveliness.

The uncle and aunt of Josephine were delighted to perceive the interest which their niece had awakened in the bosom of the interesting stranger. His graceful figure, his accomplished person, his military celebrity, his social rank, and his large fortune, all conspired to dazzle their eyes, and to lead them to do everything in their power to promote a match apparently so eligible. The ambition of M. Renaudin was moved at the thought of conferring upon his niece, the prospective heiress of his own fortune, an estate so magnificent as the united inheritance. Josephine, however, had not yet forgotten William, and, though interested in her uncle's guest, for some time allowed no emotion of love to flow out toward him.

One morning Josephine was sitting in the library in pensive musings, when her uncle came into the room to open to her the subject of her contemplated marriage with M. Beauharnais. Josephine was thunderstruck at the communication, for, according to the invariable custom of the times, she knew that she could have but little voice in the choice of a partner for life. For a short time she listened in silence to his proposals, and then said, with tears in her eyes:

"Dear uncle, I implore you to remember that my affections are fixed upon William. I have been solemnly promised to him."

"That is utterly impossible, my child," her uncle replied. "Circumstances are changed. All our hopes

are centered in you. You must obey our wishes."

"And why," said she, "have you changed your intentions in reference to William?"

Her uncle replied: "You will receive by inheritance all my estate. M. Beauharnais possesses the rich estates adjoining. Your union unites the property. M. Beauharnais is everything which can be desired in a husband. Besides, William appears to have forgotten you."

To this last remark Josephine could make no reply. She looked sadly upon the floor and was silent. It is said that her uncle had then in his possession several letters which William had written her, replete with the most earnest spirit of consistency and affection.

Josephine, but fifteen years of age, could not, under these circumstances, resist the influences now brought to bear upon her. M. Beauharnais was a gentleman of fascinating accomplishments. The reluctance of Josephine to become his bride but stimulated his zeal to obtain her. In the seclusion of the plantation, and far removed from other society, she was necessarily with him nearly at all hours. They read together, rode on horseback side by side, rambled in the groves in pleasant companionship. They floated by moonlight upon the water, breathing the balmy air of that delicious clime, and uniting their voices in song, the measure being timed with the dipping of the oars by the negroes. The friends of Josephine were importunate for the match. At last, reluctantly, she gave her consent. Having done this, she allowed her affections, unrestrained, to repose upon her betrothed. Though her heart still clung to William, she thought that he had found other friends in England, in whose pleasant companionship he had lost all remembrance of the island maiden who had won his early love.

Alexander Beauharnais, soon after his engagement to Josephine, embarked for France. Arrangements had been made for Josephine, in the course of a few months, to follow him, upon a visit to a relative in Paris, and there the nuptials were to be consummated. Josephine was now fifteen years of age. She was attached to Beauharnais, but not with that fervor of feeling which had previously agitated her heart. She often thought of William and spoke of him, and at times had misgivings lest there might be some explanation of his silence. But months had passed on, and she had received no letter or message from him.

At length the hour for her departure from the island arrived. With tearful eyes and a saddened heart she left the land of her birth, and the scenes endeared to her by all the recollections of childhood. Groups of negroes, from the tottering infant to the aged man of gray hairs, surrounded her with weeping and loud lamentation. Josephine hastened on board, the ship got under way, and soon the island of Martinique disappeared beneath the watery horizon. Josephine sat upon the deck in perfect silence, watching the dim outline of her beloved home till it was lost to sight. Her young heart was full of anxiety, of tenderness, and of regrets. Little, however, could she imagine the career of strange vicissitudes upon which she was about to enter.

The voyage was long and tempestuous. Storms pursued them all the way. At one time the ship was dismasted, and came near foundering. At length the welcome cry of "Land" was heard, and Josephine, an unknown orphan child of fifteen, placed her feet upon the shores of France, that country over which she was soon to reign the most renowned empress. She hastened to Fontainebleau, and there was met by Alexander Beauharnais. He received her with great fondness, and was assiduous in bestowing upon her the most flattering attentions. But Josephine had hardly arrived at Fontainebleau before she heard that William and his father were also residing at

that place. Her whole frame trembled like an aspen leaf, and her heart sunk within her as she received the intelligence. All her long-cherished affection for the companion of her childhood was revived, and still she knew not but that William was faithless. He, however, immediately called, with his father, to see her. The interview was most embarrassing, for each loved the other intensely, and each had reason to believe that the other had proved untrue. The next day William called alone; Josephine, the bethrothed bride of Beauharnais, prudently declined seeing him. He then wrote her a letter, which he bribed a servant to place in her hands, full of protestations of love, stating how he had written to her, and passionately inquiring why she turned so coldly from him.

Josephine read the letter with a bursting heart. She now saw how she had been deceived. She now was convinced that William had proved faithful to her, notwithstanding he had so much reason to believe that she had been untrue to him. But what could she do? She was but fifteen years of age. She was surrounded only by those who were determined that she should marry Alexander Beauharnais. She was told that the friends of William had decided unalterably that he should marry an English heiress, and that the fortunes of his father's family were dependent upon that alliance. The servant who had been the bearer of William's epistle was dismissed, and the other servants were commanded not to allow him to enter the house.

The agitation of Josephine's heart was such that for some time she was unable to leave her bed. She entreated her friends to allow her for a few months to retire to a convent, that she might, in solitary thought and prayer, regain composure. He friends consented to this arrangement, and she took refuge in the convent at Panthemont. Here she spent a few months in inexpressible gloom. William made many unavailing efforts to obtain an interview, and at last, in despair, reluctantly received the wealthy bride, through whom he secured an immense inheritance, and with whom he passed an unloving life.

The Viscount Beauharnais called often to see her, and was permitted to converse with her at the gate of her window. In the simplicity of her heart, she told her friends at the convent of her attachment for William; how they had been reared together, and how they had loved from childhood. She felt that it was a cruel fate which separated them, but a fate before which each must inevitably bow. At last she calmly made up her mind to comply with the wishes of her friends, and to surrender herself to the Viscount Beauharnais. There was much in the person and character of Beauharnais to render him very attractive, and she soon became sincerely, though never passionately, attached to him.

Josephine was sixteen years of age when she was married. Her social position was in the midst of the most expensive and fashionable society of Paris. She was immediately involved in all the excitements of parties, and balls, and gorgeous entertainments. Her beauty, her grace, her amiability, and her peculiar musical voice, which fell like a charm upon every ear, excited great admiration and not a little envy. It was a dangerous scene into which to introduce the artless and inexperienced Creole girl, and she was not a little dazzled by the splendor with which she was surrounded. Every thing that could minister to convenience, or that could gratify taste, was lavished profusely around her. For a time she was bewildered by the novelty of her situation. But soon she became weary of the heartless pageantry of fashionahle life, and sighed for the tranquil enjoyments of her island home.

Her husband, proud of her beauty and accomplishments, introduced her at court. Maria Antoinette, who had

then just ascended the throne, and was in the brilliance of her youth, and beauty, and early popularity, was charmed with the West Indian bride, and received her without the formality of a public presentation. When these two young brides met in the regal palace of Versailles—the one a daughter of Maria Theresa and a descendant of the Cæsars, who had come from the court of Austria to be not only the queen, but the brightest ornament of the court of France—the other the child of a planter, born upon an obscure island, reared in the midst of negresses, as almost her only companions—little did they imagine that Maria Antoinette was to go down, down, down to the lowest state of ignominy and woe, while Josephine was to ascend to more and more exalted stations, until she sat upon a throne more glorious than the Cæsars ever knew.

French philosophy had at this time undermined the religion of Jesus Christ. All that is sacred in the domestic relations was withering beneath the blight of infidelity. Beauharnais, a man of fashion and of the world, had imbibed, to the full, the sentiments which disgraced the age. Marriage was deemed a partnership, to be formed or dissolved at pleasure. Fidelity to the nuptial tie was the jest of philosophers and witlings. Josephine had soon the mortification of seeing a proud, beautiful, and artful woman taking her place, and openly and triumphantly claiming the attentions and the affections of her husband. This woman, high in rank, loved to torture her poor victim. "Your dear Alexander," she said to Josephine, "daily lavishes upon others the tribute of attachment which you think he reserves solely for you." She could not bear to see the beautiful and virtuous Josephine happy, as the honored wife of her guilty lover, and she resolved, if possible, to sow the seeds of jealousy so effectually between them as to secure a separation.

In the year 1780 Josephine gave birth to her daughter Hortense. This event seemed for a time to draw back the wandering affections of Beauharnais. He was really proud of his wife. He admired her beauty and her grace. He doted upon his infant daughter. But he was an infidel. He recognized no law of God, commanding purity of heart and life, and he contended that Josephine had no right to complain, as long as he treated her kindly, if he did indulge in the waywardness of passion.

The path of Josephine was now, indeed, shrouded in gloom, and each day seemed to grow darker and darker. Hortense became her idol and her only comfort. Her husband lavished upon her those luxuries which his wealth enabled him to grant. He was kind to her in words and in all the ordinary courtesies of intercourse. But Josephine's heart was well-nigh broken. A few years of conflict passed slowly away, when she gave birth, in the year 1783, to her son Eugene. In the society of her children the unhappy mother found now her only solace.

While the Viscount Beauharnais was ready to defend his own conduct, he was by no means willing that his wife should govern herself by the same principles of fashionable philosophy. The code infidel is got up for the especial benefit of dissolute *men;* their *wives* must be governed by another code. The artful woman, who was the prime agent in these difficulties, affected great sympathy with Josephine in her sorrows, protested her own entire innocence, but assured her that M. Beauharnais was an ingrate, entirely unworthy of her affections. She deceived Josephine, hoarded up the confidence of her stricken heart, and conversed with her about *William*, the memory of whose faithful love now came with new freshness to the disconsolate wife.

Josephine, lured by her, wrote a letter to her friends in Martinique, in which she imprudently said, "Were it not for my children, I should, without a pang, renounce France forever. My

duty requires me to forget William; and yet, if *we* had been united together, I should not to-day have been troubling you with my griefs."

The woman who instigated her to write this letter was infamous enough to obtain it by stealth and show it to Beauharnais. His jealousy and indignation was immediately aroused to the highest pitch. He was led by this malicious deceiver to believe that Josephine had obtained secret interviews with William, and the notoriously unfaithful husband was exasperated to the highest degree at the very suspicion of the want of fidelity in his wife. He reproached her in language of the utmost severity, took Eugene from her, and resolved to endeavor, by legal process, to obtain an entire divorce. She implored him, for the sake of her children, not to proclaim their difficulties to the world. He, however, reckless of consequences, made application to the courts for the annulment of the matrimonial bond. Josephine was now compelled to defend her own character. She again retired with Hortense to the convent, and there, through dreary months of solitude, and silence, and dejection, awaited the result of the trial upon which her reputation as a virtuous woman was staked. The decree of the court was triumphantly in her favor, and Josephine returned to her friends to receive their congratulations, but impressed with the conviction that earth had no longer a joy in store for her. Her friends did all in their power to cheer her desponding spirit; but the wound she had received was too deep to be speedily healed. One day her friends, to divert her mind from brooding over irreparable sorrows, took her, almost by violence, to Versailles. They passed over the enchanting grounds, and through the gorgeously-furnished apartments of the Great and Little Trianon, the favorite haunts of Maria Antoinette. Here the beautiful Queen of France was accustomed to lay aside the pageantry of royalty, and to enjoy, without restraint, the society of those who were dear to her. Days of darkness and trouble had already begun to darken around her path. As Josephine was looking at some of the works of art, she was greatly surprised at the entrance of the queen, surrounded by several ladies of her court. Maria Antoinette immediately recognized Josephine, and with that air of affability and kindness which ever characterized her conduct, she approached her, and, with one of her winning smiles, said, "Madame Beauharnais, I am very happy to see you at the two Trianons. You will know how to appreciate their beauties. I should be much pleased to learn what objects you consider most interesting. I shall always receive you with pleasure."

These words from the queen were an unspeakable solace to Josephine. Her afflicted heart needed the consolation. The queen was acquainted with her trials, and thus nobly assured her of her sympathy and her confidence. In a few days Maria Antoinette invited Josephine to a private interview. She addressed her in words of the utmost kindness, promised to watch over the interests of her son, and at the same time, as a mark of her especial regard, she took from her neck an antique ornament of precious stones, and passed it over the neck of Josephine. The king also himself came in at the interview, for his heart had been softened by sorrow, and addressed words of consolation to the injured and discarded wife.

Josephine now received letters from Martinique earnestly entreating her to return, with her children, to the home of her childhood. World-weary, she immediately resolved to accept the invitation. But the thought of crossing the wide ocean, and leaving her son Eugene behind, was a severe pang to a mother's heart. Eugene had been taken from her and sent to a boarding-school. Josephine felt so deeply the pang of separation from her beloved child, that she obtained an interview with M.

Beauharnais, and implored him to allow her to take Eugene with her. He gave a cold and positive refusal.

A few days after this, Josephine, cruelly separated from her husband and bereaved of her son, embarked with Hortense for Martinique. She strove to sustain that aspect of cheerfulness and of dignity which an injured but innocent woman is entitled to exhibit. When dark hours of despondency overshadowed her, she tried to console herself with the beautiful thought of Plautus: "If we support adversity with courage, we shall have a keener relish for returned prosperity." It does not appear that she had any refuge in the consolations of religion. She had a vague and general idea of the goodness of a superintending Providence, but she was apparently a stranger to those warm and glowing revelations of Christianity which introduce us to a sympathizing Savior, a guiding and consoling Spirit, a loving and forgiving Father. Could she then, by faith, have reposed her aching head upon the bosom of her heavenly father, she might have found a solace such as nothing else could confer. But at this time nearly every mind in France was more or less darkened by the glooms of infidelity.

The winds soon drove her frail bark across the Atlantic, and Josephine, pale and sorrow-stricken, was clasped in the arms and folded to the hearts of those who truly loved her. The affectionate negroes gathered around her, with loud demonstrations of their sympathy and their joy in again meeting their mistress. Here, amid the quiet scenes endeared to her by the recollections of childhood, she found a temporary respite from those storms by which she had been so severely tossed upon life's wild and tempestuous ocean.

[*To be continued.*]

—A FALSE friend is worse than an open enemy. A painted harlot is less dangerous than a painted hypocrite. A treacherous Judas is more abhorred of God than a bloody Pilate.—*Wm. Sucker.*

## GOD KNOWN BY LOVING HIM.

BY MADAME GUYON.

'Tis not the skill of human art,
Which gives me power my God to know;
The sacred lessons of the heart
Come not from instruments below.

Love is my teacher. He can tell
The wonders that he learnt above:
No other master knows so well;—
'Tis love alone can tell of LOVE.

Oh! then, of God if thou wouldst learn,
His wisdom, goodness, glory see;
All human arts and knowledge spurn,
Let Love alone thy teacher be.

Love is my master. When it breaks,
The morning light, with rising ray;
To thee, O God! my spirit wakes,
And Love instructs it all the day.

And when the gleams of day retire,
And midnight spreads its dark control,
Love's secret whispers still inspire
Their holy lessons in the soul.

## Thoughts of God in the Night.

BY MADAME GUYON.

O NIGHT! propitious to my views,
Thy sable awning wide diffuse!
Conceal alike my joy and pain,
Nor draw thy curtain back again,
Though morning, by the tears she shows,
Seems to participate my woes.

Ye stars! whose faint and feeble fires
Express my languishing desires,
Whose slender beams pervade the skies
As silent as my secret sighs,
Those emanations of a soul
That darts her fires beyond the pole;—

Your rays, that scarce assist the sight,
That pierce, but not displace the night,
That shine, indeed, but nothing show
Of all those various scenes below,
Bring no disturbance, rather prove
Incentives to a sacred love.

Thou moon! whose never-failing course
Bespeaks a providential force,
Go, tell the tidings of my flame
To Him who calls the stars by name;
Whose absence kills, whose presence cheers,
Who blots or brightens all my years.

While, in the blue abyss of space,
Thine orb performs its rapid race;
Still whisper in his listening ears
The language of my sighs and tears;
Tell him, I seek him far below,
Lost in a wilderness of woe.

Ye thought-composing, silent hours,
Diffusing peace o'er all my powers;
Friends of the pensive! who conceal,
In darkest shades, the flames I feel;
To you I trust, and safely may,
The love that wastes my strength away.

How calm, amid the night, my mind!
How perfect is the peace I find!
Oh! hush, be still, my every part,
My tongue, my pulse, my beating heart!
That love, aspiring to its cause,
May suffer not a moment's pause:

Omniscient God, whose notice deigns
To try the heart and search the reigns,
Compassionate the numerous woes
I dare to thee alone disclose;
Oh! save me from the cruel hands
Of men who fear not thy commands!

Love, all subduing and divine,
Care for a creature truly thine;
Reign in a heart disposed to own
No sovereign but thyself alone;
Cherish a bride who cannot rove,
Nor quit thee for a meaner love.

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—None but a patient Christ can make us patient Christians. As our passions were the cause of his, so his passion is the cure of ours. Reader, if you cannot forgive others, God will not forgive you. You have his authority for this: "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." In vain do we ask God to be pacified to us while we live at variance with others. How can we expect to have pounds remitted to us if pence are not remitted by us?—*Wm. Sucker.*

## THE HUNGER OF THE SOUL.

BY HORACE BUSHNELL.

The analogy of the soul is so close to that of the body, that it speaks of its hunger, its food, its fullness, and growth, and fatness, under the images it derives from the body.

Hence you will observe that our blessed Lord appears to have always the feeling, that he has come down into the realm of hungry, famishing souls. You see this in the parable of the Prodigal Son, and that of the feast or supper. Hence also that very remarkable discourse in the 6th chapter of John, where he declares himself as the living bread that came down from heaven—that a man may eat thereof and not die. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life. My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me.

Many, I believe, are not able to read this language, without a kind of revolting feeling. What can it mean that they are to live by eating Christ? There is no difficulty, I answer, in the language, save in getting at the rational and true sense of the figure employed, and, when this is done, it becomes language strikingly significant. Suppose it were said that a tree can live, only as it eats the air and the light; the meaning, of course, would not be that it takes these elements by mastication, but that it has such a nature that it takes them into itself and gets a nutriment of growth out of them, and that without them, so appropriated, it would die. So, when Christ says,—I will manifest myself unto him,—we will come and make our abode with him,—he means that he will be so received and appropri-

ated by the soul as to be its light, the breathing of its life, that which feeds it internally. He assumes, in all that he says, that as the tree has a nature requiring to be fed by air and light, so the soul has a nature inherently related to God, the Infinite Spirit. Hence the deep hunger of the world in sin; because the sin is its attempt to live without God and apart from God.

Accordingly, it is the grand endeavor of the gospel to communicate God to men. They have undertaken to live without him, and do not see that they are starving in the bitterness of their experiment. It is not, as with bodily hunger, where they have a sure instinct compelling them to seek their food, but they go after the husks, and would fain be filled with these, not even so much as conceiving what is their real want, or how it comes. For it is a remarkable fact that so few men, living in the flesh, have any conception that God is the necessary supply and nutriment of their spiritual nature, without which they famish and die. It has an extravagant sound, when they hear it. They do not believe it. How can it be that they have any such high relation to the Eternal God, or he to them? It is as if the tree were to say,—what can I, a mere trunk of wood, all dark and solid within, standing fast in my rod of ground,—what can I have to do with the free moving air, and the boundless sea of light that fills the world? And yet it has a nature made to feed on these, taking them into its body to supply, and vitalize, and color every fibre of its substance. Just so it is that every finite spirit is inherently related to the infinite, in him we live, and move, and have our being. It wants the knowledge of God, the society of God, the approbation of God, the internal manifestation of God, a consciousness lighted up by his presence, to receive of his fulness, to be strong in his might, to rest in his love, and be centered everlastingly in his glory. Apart from him, it is an incomplete creature, a poor blank fragment of existence, hungry, dry and cold. And still, alas! it cannot think so. Therefore Christ comes into the world to incarnate the divine nature, otherwise unrecognized, before it; so to reveal God to its knowledge, enter him into its faith and feeling, make him its living bread, the food of its eternity. Therefore of his fulness we are called to feed, receiving of him freely grace for grace. When he is received, he restores the consciousness of God, fills the soul with the divine light, and sets it in that connection with God which is life,—eternal life.

Holding this view of the inherent relation between created souls and God as their nourishing principle, we pass to a consideration of the necessary hunger of a state of sin, and the tokens by which it is indicated. A hungry herd of animals, waiting for the time of their feeding, do not show their hunger more convincingly, by their impatient cries and eager looks and motions, than the human race do theirs, in the works, and ways, and tempers of their selfish life.

I can only point you to a few of these demonstrations. And a very impressive and remarkable one you have in this, viz.: The common endeavor to make the body receive double, so as to satisfy both itself and the soul too with its pleasures. The effort is, how continually, to stimulate the body by delicacies, and condiments, and sparkling bowls, and licentious pleasures of all kinds, and so to make the body do double service. Hence, too, the drunkenness, and high feasting, and other vices of excess. The animals have no such vices; because they have no hunger save simply that of the body; but man has a hunger also of the mind or soul, when separated from God by his sin, and therefore he must somehow try to pacify that. And he does it by a work of double feeding put upon the body. We call it sensuality. But

the body asks not for it. The body is satisfied by simply that which allows it to grow and maintain its vigor. It is the unsatisfied, hungry mind that flies to the body for some stimulus or sensation, compelling it to devour so many more of the husks, or carobs, as will feed the hungry prodigal within. Thus it is that so many dissipated youth are seen plunging into pleasures of excess,—midnight feastings and surfeitings, debaucheries of lust and impiety; it is because they are hungry, because their soul, separated from God and the true bread of life in Him, aches for the hunger it suffers. And so it is the world over; men are hungry everywhere, and they compel the body to make a swine's heaven for the comfort of the godlike soul.

Again we see the hunger of sin, by the immense number of drudges there are in the world. It makes little difference, generally, whether men are poor or rich. Some terrible hunger is upon them, and it drives them madly forward, through burdens, and sacrifices, and toils, that would be rank oppression put upon a slave. It is not simply that they are industrious—industry is a virtue—that they are drudges, instigated by such a passion of want that they are wholly unable to moderate their plans by any terms of reason.

You see too what indicates the uneasiness of this hunger, in the constant shifting of their plans and arrangements. Even the more constant, stable characters, such as hold most firmly to their pursuits, are yet seen to be uneasy in them; comforting their uneasiness by one change or another; a new kind of crop, a new partner, a new stand, a wheeling about of counters, or a change of shelves, or a change of transportation, or another place of banking,—nothing is ever quite right, because they are too uneasy in their hunger to be quiet long in anything.

Others show their hunger by their closeness; the very look of their face is hungry, the gripe of their hand is hungry, the answer of their charity is the answer of hunger, the prices they pay for service are the grudged allowance of a heart that is pinched by its own stringent destitution.

Observe again the quarrels of debt and credit, the false weights, the fraudulent charges, the habitual lies of false recommendation, the arts, stratagems, oppressions, of trade,—how hungry do they look.

Notice again how men contrive, in one way or another, to get, if possible, some food of content for the soul that has a finer and more fit quality than the swine's food with which they so often overtask the body:—honor, power, admiration, flattery, society, literary accomplishments. Works of genius are stimulated, how often, by a kind of superlative hunger. And the same is true even of the virtues that connect a repute of moderation; such as temperance, frugality, plainness, stoical superiority to suffering; a kind of subtle hunger for some consciousness of good is the secret root on which they grow.

There is no end to the diverse arts men practice, to get some food for the soul, and to whatever course they turn themselves, you will see, as plainly as possible, that they are hungry. Nay, they say it themselves. What sad bewailings do you hear from them, calling the world ashes, wondering at the poverty of existance, fretting at the courses of Providence and blaming their harshness, raging profanely against God's appointments, and venting their impatience with life, with curses on its emptiness. All this, you understand, is the hunger they are in. Feeding on carobs only, as they do, what shall we expect but to see them feed impatiently?

This also you will notice as a striking evidence that, however well they succeed

in the providing of earthly things, they are never satisfied. They say they are not, have it for a proverb that no man is, or can be. How can they be satisfied with lands, or money, or honor, or any finite good, when their hunger is infinite, reaching after God and the fulness of his infinite life,—God, who is the object of their intelligence, their love, their hope, their worship; the complement of their weakness, the crown of their glory, the sublimity of their rest forever. Such kind of hunger manifestly could not be satisfied with any finite good, and therefore it never is. Look also at some of the more internal and experimental evidences supplied by consciousness.

Consider, for example, the vice of envy, and the general propenseness of men to be in it. There are very few persons, however generous in their dispositions, who are not sometimes bitten by this very subtile and bitter sin. And the root of this misery is hunger of soul. Envy is only a malignant, selfish hunger, casting its evil eye on the elevation or supposed happiness of others. The bitterness of it is not simply that it really wants what others have, but that the soul, gnawed by a deep spiritual hunger which it thinks not of, is so profoundly embittered that every kind of good it looks upon rasps it with a feeling of torment, and rouses a degree of impatience and ill nature, out of all terms of reason. It is the feeling of a prodigal, or spendthrift who, after he has spent all, vents his ill nature on everybody but himself, and hates the good possessed by others, because it is not his own. O, how many human souls are gnawed through and through, all their lives long, by this devilish hunger, envy.

Remorse differs from envy only in the fact that the soul here turns upon itself, just as they say it is the principal distress of extreme bodily hunger, that the organs of digestion begin themselves to be gnawed and digested, in place of the food on which the digestive power is accustomed to spend its energy. Remorse, in the same way, is a moral hunger of the soul. It is the bitter wail of a famished immortality. It is your conscience lashing your perverse will; your defrauded, hungry love weeping its dry, pitch tears on the desert your evil life has made for it. It is your whole spiritual nature famished by sin, muttering wrathfully, and growling like a caged lion at the bars which shut him up to himself. And as bodily hunger sometimes causes the starving man to see devils in his ravings, so this hunger of remorse fills the soul with angry demons and ministers of vengeance, waiting to execute judgment. Sleep vanishes not seldom, or comes only in dreams that scare the sleeper. The day lags heavily. The look is on the ground. The walk is apart and silent, and the man carries a load under which he stoops, a load of selfish regret and worldly sorrow, that worketh death.

Or, if we speak of care, the corroding, weary, ever multiplying care, of which you are every day complaining, what again is this but your hunger. We like to speak, however, not of care, but, in the plural, of cares; for these, we imagine, are outside of us, in things, not in ourselves. But these cares are all in ourselves, and of ourselves, and not in things at all,—things are not cares; cares are only cravings of that immortal hunger which the swine's food of earthly things cannot satisfy. You say in them all, what shall I do, for I perish with hunger? You look up for the bitter husks or carobs, and say, I must have more and better; and these more and better things are your cares. The very word *care* meant, originally, *want;* and these cares are nothing but the wants of a hungry soul misnamed.

Sometimes, again, your feelings take the turn of disgust. You are disgusted with yourself and life, and all the employments and objects of your pursuit, disgusted even with your pleasures. How insipid, and dry, and foolish they appear. An air of distaste settles on all objects. They are all husks, acorns, food for swine and not for men. Just so it is in the starvation of the body. It creates a fever, and, in that fever appetite dies. And this, accordingly, is the rankest proof of hunger in the soul, that it has run itself down to the starvation point of universal disgust. Life is cheap. It seems a very dull and mean thing to live, —so to live a prodigal and swine-herd's life, it certainly is. Sometimes, too, your disgust turns upon your own character and feeling; your ambition, your pride, your very thoughts, and you ache for the mortification that comes upon you. My ambition—how low it creeps. My pride—what have I, or am I to be

proud of. My very thoughts are all trailing in the dust, and the dust is dry —O God, is it this to be a man!

I might speak also of your perpetual irritations, your fits of anger, your animosities, your jealousies, your gloomy hypochondriac fears. These all, at bottom, are the disturbances of hunger in the soul. How certainly is the child irritable when it is hungry. Even the placidity of infancy vanishes, when the body is ravening for food. So it is with man. He is irritable, flies to fits of passions, loses self-government, simply because the placid state of satisfaction is wanting in the higher nature. He is out of rest, because of his immortal hunger. Three-quarters of the ill nature of the world is caused by the fact, that the soul, without God, is empty, and so out of rest. We charge it, more often than justice requires, to some fault of temperament; but there is no temperament that would not be quieted and evened by the fullness of God.

Now the Spirit of God will sometimes show you, in an unwonted manner, the secret of these troubles; for he is the interpreter of the soul's hunger. He comes to it whispering inwardly the awful secret of its pains,—"without God and without hope in the world." He reminds the prodigal of his bad history. He bids the swine-herd look up from his sensual objects, and works, and remember his home and his Father; tells him of a great supper prepared, and that all things are now ready, and bids him come. Conscious of the deep poverty he is in, conscious of that immortal being whose deep wants have been so long denied, wants that can be satisfied only by the essential, eternal participation of the fullness of God, he hears a gentle voice of love saying,—I am the bread of life, I am the living bread that came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live. Are there none of you to whom this voice is calling now?

I will not pursue these illustrations further. Would that all my hearers could but open their minds to the lesson they teach. I know almost no subject, or truth, that will explain so many things in the uneasy demonstrations of mankind; or that, to any thoughtful person, living without God, will resolve so many mysteries concerning himself. Granting simply the fact that God is the want of the soul, or created intelligence, what can it be, separated from God, but an element of uneasiness and bitter disturbance? If the soul, as a vital and organic nature, requires this divine food, or nutriment to sustain it, and in this highest, vastest want, gets no supply; what else can you need to account for the unrest and the otherwise inexplicable frustration of your experience? And yet how many of you, goaded by this torment all your lives, do not understand it? You go after this or that objective, circumstantial good, thrust on, as in some kind of madness, by the terrible impulsion of your hungry immortality; confessing, all the time, that you fail, even when, in form, you succeed, and showing by your demonstrations that your objects, whether gained or lost, have no relation to your want; but your understandings are holden from any true discovery of your sin. It is as if you were under some dispossession, even as the Saviour intimates in his parable. He looks upon the prodigal described, as one that has lost his reckoning, or his reason; and when he discovers the secret of his misery, speaks of him as just then having come to himself. Could you come to yourselves, how quickly would you cease from your husks and return to your Father! How absurd the folly, then, of any attempt to satisfy, or quiet your hunger, by any inferior, merely external good!

O, ye prodigals, young and old, prodigals of all names and degrees; ye that have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, and have fallen away; ye that have always lived in the minding of earthly things; how clear is it here that no swine's food, no husks of money, pleasure, show, ambition, can feed you; that you have a divine part which none, or all of these dry carobs of sin can feed, which nothing can supply but God himself.

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—CONSIDER, Christian, that an unholy conversation strips off the rich ornamental jewels from the neck of the bride, the Lamb's wife. Sin indulged in a believer is like a rent in a rich embroidered garment, or like a crack in a silver bell. A foul spot is soonest discerned in the fairest cloth. The world will sooner make an excuse for its own enormities than for your infirmities.

## CHARITY.

BY MRS. J. B. SHRIGLEY.

*"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."*

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
It will turn to thee again,
After days perhaps of waiting,
After years perhaps of pain.
But be patient; thou shalt find it,
After many days have passed:
All the blessings thou hast given
Will return to thee at last.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
As they swiftly, onward flow; [ing,
Thou may'st save some heart from break-
Thou may'st save some soul from woe.
Kindly words and kindly actions,
Strewn along life's rugged way,
Makes the road seem brighter, shorter,
As we journey day by day.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
And with bounteous hand bestow;
Thus thoul't find thy blessings double,
When the tide doth backward flow.
Freely giving of thy substance,
Freely giving of thy store,
Thou wilt find thy heart grow richer,
And thy basket running o'er.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Give the houseless one a home,
Cheer the sad and broken-hearted,—
Thy reward shall surely come.
Peace shall fill thy heart with gladness,
Joy within thy soul shall burn;
Blest thyself, in blessing others,—
Rich indeed is the return.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Not with doubt, and fear, and pain,
But with hope and faith, believing
Thou shalt find it all again,
For God loves the cheerful giver,
It is written in His Word,
He who gives unto the needy
Doth but lend unto the Lord.

*Tuscola, March*, 1870.
[Mar—4]

## The Women of Ancient Germany.

THE ancient Germans were a barbarous and savage people, ignorant of many useful arts, and of the refinements of civilized society. They led a wild and roving life, placing their habitations here and there, wherever necessity might call, or caprice direct. The mass of the people were entirely illiterate; learning was confined to the nobles and the princes, and, indeed, it appears to have been very inconsiderable, and very unusual, even among them. Their knowledge of the past was limited to tradition; and beyond the scenes in which they were actually engaged, they knew little of what was passing in the world around. The camp was their home, the field of battle their place of meeting. From earliest youth they were trained to arms, and the vigor of their manhood was established by the grateful labors of the chase; hence they were universally athletic, and, though they fought without art, the energy of their assault, and the irresistible impulse of their charge—a rushing torrent as it were—struck even Roman troops with dismay. To them we may look for the prototype of the manners and customs, the government and laws, which obtained favor in the feudal ages. Such were the men; but this essay will be more particularly devoted to the consideration of the women of Germany.

We can find but little in the treatment of the German females, in the years of their infancy, worthy of notice. Like the males, they were nourished solely by their mothers, and never intrusted to the care of nurses or slaves. Notwithstanding the severity of the climate, they were accustomed to remain for several years of their lives, almost, if not entirely, in a state of nudity. They were not confined to the house, but, on the contrary, were to be seen, almost as soon as they were able to walk, strolling promiscuously, whether they were the children of

princes or of slaves, about the villages, and among the cattle. To these causes we may attribute the masculine vigor of their bodies, and that strength of the nervous system which enabled them to undergo the toilsome labor to which their lives were devoted. The education of a people must always be adapted to their prospects and probable condition in life; to their national custom and intended occupation. In accordance with this principle, an obvious course was pursued in the education of the Germen women; as the duties of life were simple, and evidently demanded more physical than mental exertion, so the lessons required to inculcate them were few and insignificant. Too feeble to labor, and having but little knowledge to acquire, the first years of their childhood were passed in slothful indolence, and passive obedience to the will of their parents. But at a comparatively early age, as soon as they were capable of even moderate endurance, they assisted their mothers in the prosecution of their domestic duties. By degrees they learned all the arts of housewifery; by degrees they fitted themselves to superintend and direct. They gradually acquired all the knowledge of agriculture which their rude people possessed, and prepared themselves for the labors of husbandry.

The treatment of the female race has differed much among different nations, but almost all seemed to have accorded them a very considerable degree of regard and respect. In many, and, indeed, in most countries, this tribute has been yielded from a sense of their physical weakness, from a proper regard to their natural taste for the elegancies of life, and from a rational conviction that they ought, of natural right, to be the equal companions, and not the slaves of mankind. It is impossible, however, that all, or any of these motives could have influenced the inhabitants of Germany. The women were as daring by education, as hardy by practice, and almost as robust by nature, as the men of that nation; and there was nothing among them that wore even the appearance of luxury or elegance. While the spirit of chivalry is often attributed to the feelings of love and devotion, to the soft and fascinating graces of female character, it in fact had its origin among a barbarous and unenlightened people, comparatively unsusceptible of the one, and careless and ignorant of the other. What could have induced the Germans to pay that devotion to the female sex, which gave rise to the enthusiasm of the middle ages, would form an interesting subject of inquiry; but the limits of this essay will permit nothing more than a brief exposition of the most obvious causes. They considered females the interpreters of divine will, and therefore treated them with all the scrupulous attention and deference which the supreme gods seemed to demand from their deputies. At home and abroad, in peace and in war, their opinion was consulted and ever respected. If they directed the time and the order of the battle, if they foretold the issue of the combat and the fate of the combatants, they held a station no less important, and commanded obedience no less explicit, in their domestic concerns. The husband spending his hours of peace in sloth and drunkenness, yielding the whole management of his affairs to his wife; her will was supreme. It was natural, that a people having a vague and false conception of the real, should look with admiration upon the apparent authors of their existence; that they should esteem in manhood those who had inculcated the lessons of their youth, who had carefully supplied their wants, who had watched their welfare with anxious solicitude. We may therefore attribute the reverence shown the women of Germany to their influence as the prophets of gods, to the important part they bore in all the private and public affairs of their nation, and to their unlimited control over the other sex in the years of their infancy.

Than the thought of a woman led

into slavery, none could be more horrid or revolting to the Germans. This idea was impressed upon them in their infancy, and grew with their growth. It inspired them with veneration for the sex, and formed the strongest incentive to exertion in battle. Hence, when the Romans demanded and received from them the wives and female relations of their princes as hostages, they secured the surest pledges of obedience, the strongest bonds of alliance.

Marriage was considered incumbent as a duty, and celibacy was repudiated by either sex. The mode of courtship was simple, and its course never protracted. "The bride brings no portion; she receives a dowry from her husband. In the presence of her parents and relations he makes a tender of part of his wealth; if accepted, the match is approved." He presents her with no useless trinkets, no gaudy toys: his gifts were such as it became a warrior to make and a warrior's wife to receive. The marriage ceremony consisted only in the exchange of property, and it was therefore easily consummated. Polygamy obtained no favor among them, and second marriage was seldom or never known. Hence, the wife, secure in the affection of her husband, and confident that they would never be enjoyed by another, even after herself had ceased to exist, had abundant reason for constancy and devotion. Upon entering the matrimonial state she was informed of the responsibilities she incurred, and impressed with the duties of her station. Her domestic cares were her greatest source of enjoyment, and she sought little pleasure beyond that which a conscious performance of duty imparted. Among some of the tribes, women were inconsolable at the death of their husbands; they threw themselves upon the funeral piles; the same fire consumed the living and the dead, and the same urn received their mingled ashes.

However variously females may have been esteemed by modern nations, they seem always to have been considered the weaker sex. Hence, although they may have been doomed to lead a life of toil, the labor alloted them has seldom been of a very severe kind. If among many nations they are often engaged in the tillage of the earth, and in the execution of those tasks which are generally deemed arduous with us, their condition is yet incomparably easier than that of the males. The Germans, however, do not appear to have looked upon women as less capable of labor than man; and they appointed her a part equally difficult, and surely more comprehensive and more tedious. The wife often accompanied her husband in war; and she did not confine herself to the camp, nor did she remain inactive. In the heat of battle, when the darts of the enemy were flying in every direction, and the groans of the wounded and dying were rising continually upon the ear, she was to be found in the thickest of the fight, administering refreshment and relief, and stimulating her friends and relations to deeds of glory. She staunched and bound up their wounds, supplied their wants while sick, and anxiously awaited their recovery. When a son or a brother fell upon the field of battle, or died from injuries received in war, his death, if it was attended with circumstances of ordinary bravery, was a matter rather of joy than grief. His female relatives pointed with delight to his scars, and awarded him an honorable place in the world of spirits. But if he evinced any fear of danger in the course of the action, if his death was accompanied with any evidence of a dastardly spirit, the ties of consanguinity were forgotten or laid aside, the memory of the ignoble victim of timidity was repudiated, and he sank to the grave unhonored and unpitied. Nor did the treatment of those who survived the battle materially differ from this; the brave received due honor for their exploits, while contempt, and often bodily punishment, awaited the pusillanimous. As the females conferred rewards upon the brave, it was

proper they should inflict punishment upon the ignominious; they were the warrior's judges, and to their decisions he bowed submissive.

History presents many instances in which they have decided the fate of battle; their friends being put to flight, they have rushed among them, and by shrieks and lamentations, by bewailing their slavery, have inflamed their minds with desperate courage, and urged them on to contest and victory. The Cimbri, when Caius Marius went in arms against them, resolved to conquer or die. With heroic determination, they bound themselves together as they stood in the ranks with cords, and used every other precaution to prevent defeat, or at least an ignominious flight. Despite every exertion, they were overthrown, and pursued in confusion to their camp. Wives, sisters, and even mothers, who had in the meantime taken their stations upon the wagons, armed with such weapons as the occasion afforded, endeavored by every means to rally them to the conflict. The common feelings of humanity pleaded in vain to palliate the offence of their kindred, and, with their own hands, they inflicted upon them the death which they had sought to evade. They maintained, too, the struggle against the enemy with desperate valor, and rendered the victory of Marius little better than defeat. When, at last, they were obliged to yield to the superior discipline of the Roman arms, they preferred self-destruction to miserable vassalage, and, suspending themselves and their children from the boughs of trees, and the tops of wagons, ended a life which had lost every charm and every attraction.

Such were the German women in war; if the part they bore in peace was less bold and heroic, it was because such a period did not call for the display of those traits. They discharged, at all times, the duties of the household, and those other labors, to the performance of which the life of the female sex is at this day particularly devoted. Destitute, however, of the luxuries and elegances of life, and ignorant of the arts of tinsel decoration and splendid pomp, these employments, had their attention been confined to them, could have afforded but little occupation, and they would have led a life of comparative inertness. But agriculture offered another field, ample for the greatest exertions; it was for them to till the soil, to sow the seed, and to reap and husband the harvest; or at least, in these several labors, to direct the industry, and watch the every movement of slaves, a race little inclined to fidelity. The care and education of their children likewise demanded their attention. But as if even all this were unequal to their ability, they often engaged in the chase of wild beasts; nor would it seem that in this last pursuit they were much less active or successful than the other sex; indeed, they often excelled, and merited and demanded their share of the prey.

They acted too in another capacity, most important and most honorable in the estimate of their nation. The agents of the gods, they announced their mandate and signified their will. Implicit confidence was placed in their prophecies, and the result was awaited with all the assurance and conviction of actual knowledge. Among a credulous and highly superstitious people, unwilling to enter upon the performance of the most insignificant national or individual undertaking, without having first secured divine favor, the duties of this office were onerous in the extreme. Men could explain the attributes of the deities and the forms of the hierarchical government; he could even venture to solicit the favor and propitiate the will of the gods; but woman was often believed to partake of divinity itself. Historians have sought the origin of their predominant power in matters of religion, but with apparently little success; for after all, though it may have been more decided and obvious at one time than another, we are only certain that it existed.

The observation of a curious people has, however, acquainted us with many particulars, interesting if not important.

It would seem that their opinion was ever venerated in war, and ever respected in peace. A single word from them could stay the ardor of a ferocious people on the eve of battle, or create war in the midst of tranquility; could crush every feeling of humanity, or awaken the kindliest emotions. In the camp, they decided by lot, the moment of onset, and stimulated their friends by the hope of success, or dissuaded them by the fear of defeat. In battle they advanced unawed to the midst of the contending forces, and clothed in the garments indicative of religious purity, they announced the decree of Heaven. By their mad cries, which rose above the clash of arms, and by their strange antics, which nothing but female fanatic frenzy could have suggested, they wrought the minds of their people to the highest pitch of desperate fury. The past, the future, life itself, was swallowed up in the excitement of the present moment; and it was almost impossible that men who had forgotten every minor consideration, and even every motive for existence, should be otherwise than invincible. It does not appear that the prophetess had recourse to any intermediate agents: the altars of Mercury, and of Mars, smoked at stated intervals with the blood of human beings, but she did not immolate the victim; the sacred chariot was driven upon emergency through the consecrated groves, but she did not guide its course. Such aid was unworthy of one inspired with divine truth, and oracular in herself.

Although the German women were all esteemed of this sacred character, some were considered more gifted and godlike than others. The fame of Veleda has descended to us after the lapse of eighteen hundred years, and, recorded by the pen of Tacitus, it may exist to the most distant futurity. The influence of such was almost unlimited; and their sway was more universal than that of the military chieftains, or even the king himself. E. R. G.

—NATURE teaches us that those trees bend the most freely which bear the most fully. As a proud heart loves none but itself, so it is beloved by none but itself. Who would attempt to gain those pinnacles that none have ascended without fears or descended without falls? It is recorded of Timotheus the Athenian, that when he was giving an account of his government and successes to the State, he frequently asserted, with a vaunting air, "In this, fortune had no hand." After this he never prospered, was quickly after disgraced, and died in exile. When men, through daring pride, cast off all allegiance to God, he in just derision casts them out from the inheritance of God. If we refuse to acknowledge him, he will refuse to acknowledge us.

It is reported of Philip of Macedon, that after having obtained the honor of an unexpected victory he was observed to look very much dejected; on being asked the reason, he replied "that the honors which were obtained by the sword might also be lost by the sword." Was he pensive when Providence crowned him with victory; and shall we be vainly elated when Providence makes us wealthy? The Supreme Majesty cannot suffer us to glory in any but himself; therefore, when we glory in our pride, he stains the pride of our glory. It is a difficult matter to be grand in the estimation of others and base in our own. The face of no mere man ever shone so illustriously as that of the ancient Jewish lawgiver's, and yet it is affirmed that no man's heart was ever so meek; but most men resemble chameleons, which no sooner take in the air than they begin to swell.—*W. S.*

## California Wonders.

In his "Sunset Land," Dr. Todd thus mentions some of the contrasts which California presents to New England:

How different in all respects to our New England! Here the winds hurry and scurry, and change, often many times a day; there they unchangingly blow in one direction for six months, and then the opposite for six months. Here the earth rests in winter; there they have no winter, and her rest is in the summer. Here we have storm and heat, and cold; there they have no storms or rain in summer, and only rain in winter. Here our trees shed their leaves; there they wear their varnished covering the year round, while some of them, like the bronzed madrona, shed their *bark* annually, and keep on their bright, green, waxen leaves. Here the woodpecker goes to the old tree and knocks and wakes up the worm, and then pecks in and gets him; and there the woodpecker bores a thousand holes in the great pine tree, into each of which he thrusts an acorn, into which the miller deposits an egg, and which the woodpecker calls and takes, after it has become a good-sized worm. The bluejay is arrayed in a strange dress, and chatters in notes equally strange. The lark sings in sweeter notes, but they are all new. Here the owl lives in a hollow tree; there he burrows in the ground with the strange gray, ground squirrel, or in the hole of the rattlesnake, or in that of the prairie dog.

Here the elder is a bush; there I have seen it a tree whose trunk is a foot in diameter. Here the lemon-verbena is a flower-pot plant; there it is a bush nine feet high. Here the mustard seed yields a small plant; there it is a tree often 17 feet high. Here we have a few grape vines in a grapery; there we will find 5,000 acres in a single vineyard. Here you will see a single oleander beautifying a single parlor; there you will find a hundred clumps in full blossom in a single yard, amid what looks like showers of roses. Here we make the Ethiopian calla bloom in the conservatory; there it blossoms in every graveyard, and at the head of almost every grave. Here we have the thick green turf on our soil; there they have no turf, and not a dandelion, daughter of the turf, grows in all California. Here the sun paints the grass green; there it turns it brown. Here you see the farmer carefully housing his hay, and little patch of wheat; there he cuts no hay except to supply the cities, and reaps and threshes his wheat in the field, and throws the bags dawn to lie all summer, sure that neither rain nor dew will hurt it. Here you have scores of trees from which to make your tools; there you have no tree out of which you can make a wagon hub or spoke, a plow, a harrow, an axe-helve, or a hoe-handle. Here everything is small; there the trees and all the vegetable world are so large that you are tempted to doubt your own eyes.

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It is with much sorrow that we record the death of the *beloved* Bishop Edward Thomson, D. D., LL. D. He died at Wheeling, Va., on the 22d. He was born at Portsea, England, in 1810, and in 1819 came to this country. He attended medical lectures at Philadelphia and Cincinnati, and in 1829 entered upon the practice of the medical profession. In 1832 he entered upon the ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was stationed at Detroit, Cincinnati and other principal places. In 1838 he was elected President of Norwalk, O., Seminary, which place he occupied five years; after which he was elected Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the University of Michigan, and edited the *Ladies' Repository* until called to the Presidency of the Ohio Wesleyan University. In 1860 he was elected editor of the *Christian Advocate*, N. Y., and in 1864 he was elected Bishop in the M. E. Church. We were personally acquainted with Dr. Thomson over twenty years ago. When we published the Miscellany, at Detroit, he was one of its principal contributors. His articles were all *first-class*, and did *very* much to give the Miscellany that unequaled popularity which it had with the solid and *truly refined*. We

shall never forget the *great* kindness of Dr. Thomson to us. He was really a very rare man. He was naturally very refined. He was a splendid scholar and elegant writer. Above all, he was a very devoted Christian and true reformer. We had just arranged an article furnished us from him, when we read the sad report of his death. The article will be published in the April number of the MISCELLANY.

Bishop Thomson was one of the most Catholic and liberal-minded men we ever knew. He was very deeply spiritual, chaste and philosophical. He has gone to a glorious reward; but his memory will be ever precious to all the good who knew him.

## THE FUTURE OF OUR COUNTRY.

BY H. J. LEWIS.

THIS article is part of a speech delivered on the 2d of August,—anniversary—and furnished to us for publication by the author:

*Fellow Citizens:*—We have looked at the past, let us look at the future of our nation and our people. We have made unparalleled progress in the last fifty years. The world of science has but just begun to divulge its wealth and wonders. Wealth and genius offer their richest gifts on the shrine of humanity. The railway, the steamboat, the electric telegraph; these are but the inventions and creations of yesterday. The heart of the world sends out its throbs and pulsations throughout every land. The icebergs of Russia relax beneath the warm pulsations of the tropics. The magnetic tongue of England whispers its secrets through the Atlantic into the ear of America. The Pacific railroad, like a mighty artery, warms the feet of the Pacific with the life of the Atlantic. These veins and sinews are clasping more firmly together every member and part of our country. We are daily becoming more closely interwoven by the ties of commerce and social intercourse; ties which, as Burke says, "though light as air, are strong as links of steel."

Our country, what is its future? It is impossible for one not divinely inspired to divine the mysterious and wonderful transformations that are to take place. The world of invention has just begun to reveal the riches, the wonders and beauties it conceals. Yet all these shall become known to us. As a people, we shall be unequaled for power, wealth and intelligence. Philosophy will unlock to us her richest treasures—its structure will be one of massive intellect, and its halls lighted with the purest flames of genius. Our people, who of all people are richest indowed with imagination, shall add untold beauties to the lyric song of the bard, and give to eloquence new pinions for higher flights. The people who constitute the nation will be peculiar, unlike any known to history—an interfusion, a blending and an expression of the various idiosyncracies and characters of all the nations. The Englishman, the African, the Frenchman, the German and the Asiatic shall contribute to it their physical strength and power, enrich it with their tradition and legendary lore, and out of this fermentation which shall occupy centuries, there will spring a people of uncommon energy of mind and body, of unbounded freedom of thought and action, and possessing an erudition and a literature which shall be to those who have preceded and now rival us, as the learning of Greece and Rome were to the barbarous nations of antiquity.

You may think this a too highly-colored picture, you may think it comes from an imagination intoxicated with the grateful love of country and dazzled with the splendid visions dawning from the future; but this destiny, or one akin or superior to it, is as inevitable as the logic of events, or the decrees of fate. I have no fear for the future. The same God who has brought us safely through the Red Sea of bondage, who has kept us from harm and cared for us, as tenderly as the father for the infant child, let us trust to Him in the future as in the past, and, offering our love and our lives upon the altar of our country, let the fragrant incense of our sacrifices ever ascend to the gates of heaven, and let our prayers ever echo through its streets of burning gold, May God save the Republic!

☞ We are glad to say that the MISCELLANY for the last month has grown in circulation more than ever.

## Notices of the Miscellany.

[From the Adrian Daily and Weekly Times, the leading paper of Southern Michigan.]

"WELLMAN'S MISCELLANY."—This is the title of a monthly magazine issued by J. K Wellman, of this city, and printed for him in the *Times* job room. The publication commenced with the year. The February number is now before us. The literary contents are excellent. We notice a pretty little poem, "John and I," from the pen of County Superintendent Bateman. All the articles are excellent, the selections being made with great good taste. It is furnished at the exceedingly low price of $1 per year. Each number contains thirty-two closely printed pages, and we are pleased to know it is rapidly gaining a large and profitable circulation. Address J. K. Wellman, Adrian.

[From the Weekly Courier, Elmore, O.]

It is a very neatly printed magazine, and is full of "Live thoughts from the best thinkers." All Christians, without regard to sects or belief, and all men of culture and refinement, who love a high standard of literature, will find in this magazine what they have long sought for."

[From Rev. O. H. White, Pastor of a leading Congregational Church at New Haven, Conn., under the shadow of Old Yale.]

REV. J. K. WELLMAN:

*My Dear Brother*—The two volumes of your new MISCELLANY came duly to hand. I like the looks of them. It is a magazine worth reading carefully. It is cheap, too cheap, in price, but valuable in contents. It ought to have a wide circulation. It will meet a demand of the times in all sections of the country.

March 22d, 1870.

☞Let every one who likes the MISCELLANY work hard for it, and by next January its circulation will be ten thousand. We feel more and more that this is the cause of God and humanity.

☞The MISCELLANY will be mailed the last of the month, until July.

☞Agents wanted in all parts of the country.

### FORT WAYNE, JACKSON & SAGINAW RAILROAD.

Change of time. Great North and South route. Now open to Angola, 53 miles south of Jackson, and running in close connection at Jackson with the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw, and with the Grand River Valley Railroad. Now open to Grand Rapids. North, Northeast and Northwest to all portions of Northern Michigan, and with the Michigan Central and its connections between Detroit and Chicago; also connecting closely with L. S. & M. S. R. R., at Jonesville, east and west. Now opened and running two trains daily between Jackson and Reading, and one train daily each way between Jackson and Angola. The only great central route connecting Northern and Central with Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana. Principal office at Jackson, Mich. H. H. SMITH, President. A. H. REESE, Assistant Superintendent.

The above road is destined to do a large business. The design is to run the cars to Fort Wayne by July. The whole passes through a rich and beautiful farming country. Its cars are fine, and the officers and conductors are prompt in their efforts to accommodate the public.

### GRAND RIVER VALLEY RAILROAD.

New route opened. Grand Rapids to Detroit via. Jackson in less than seven hours. Three express trains daily. No change of cars between Grand Rapids and Detroit. Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars on night trains. Trains connect at Jackson with Michigan Central Co.'s, and west with Lansing & Saginaw, going north, and with Michigan Southern going southeast, and with Jackson & Fort Wayne going southwest. At Grand Rapids it connects with the Detroit & Milwaukee, and other roads going north and south. This line is over 50 miles shorter than any other from Grand Rapids to Toledo. Principal office at Jackson. R. H. G. MINTY, Gen'l Sup't. March 25th, 1870.

This road is a wonder for a new road. But few of the old roads have as smooth a track as this. The cars are splendid, hardly equalled on any other road. This road runs through a fine farming country. We shall publish a card of this and other railroads on the cover of the MISCELLANY for April.